# THE PORT FOLIO
ENLARGED.

*BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.*

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1803.


## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

### THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

*BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.*

No. XLII.

Agreeably to my recent orders, LISTLESS has lounged through a part of his duty, and has sent me the ensuing report. The history of his adventures will, doubtless, be perused with as much eagerness, as ever a fascinated reader of Don Quixote manifested in following Sancho, in the nocturnal ramble, through the island of Barataria.

My kinsman, who dreamed three years in an attorney's office, fancies that he is familar with Burn's Justice, and is, not a little, vain of his juridical lore. I often smile, when I hear him speak of Blackstone, because I know that he is thinking of a passage in Shakespeare, and that he is more conversant with the canons of criticism, and the laws of the stage, than with the circuit court, and the laws of the land. Men, of moderate learning, are often prone to be ostentatious of such limited knowledge, like a decayed gentleman, striving to be spruce, though he has but one ruffled shirt, or one embroidered vest, in the world. Hence, my kinsman, still loves to speak in the idiom of a lawyer, and has actually drafted his report with all the quaintness of technical formality. An effort, so stupendous, appears almost above the ability of a Listless, but I cannot help thinking, that his jargon heightens the ridicule of his satire.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

Lewis Listless prays permission to report, in part, to Samuel Saunter, Esq. that, in obedience to his instructions, he has proceeded, in the performance of his duty, with the cheerfulness, if not with the rapidity, of Cobweb, Mustard-seed, or Moth. He has every reason to conclude, that, independently of his immunity of invisibility, he should not have lacked the greater part of the items of the report, which he now offers to the consideration of Samuel Saunter, Esq.

Christmas morn, pleasant and clear, and a general holiday, invited the Ladies and their Quixotes, to pay their morning visits, where the reciprocity of interesting dialogue, and currency of scandal, cement the bands of fashionable friendship—such an opportunity could not be slighted by the observant Lewis. He selected from his wardrobe his morning dress, and running his fingers through "his knotty and combined locks," lounged up High-street. He made his zigzag through the crowd, without marking much worthy of note, or much that fell strictly within the pale of his instructions, until crossing Seventh-street, his eye glanced upon a female, who has not, hitherto, been altogether unobserved by him, and who, from her street-propensities, he conjectures to be of the blood of Stuart the pedestrian.—She seemed, like Venus, rising from the bath, and the folds of her muslin, twining round each other, appeared to say, that nothing there was *starch*. The said Lewis, reminded of the first item of his letter of instructions, gazed at the elbows of this *dripping* daughter of Eve—At the distance of ten paces, he was satisfied that these elbows should be rapped, and strode hastily forward to exercise his stickee—When, however, nearly in contact, he wavered and doubted, for that part of the arm, between the end of the gown-sleeve, and the top of the glove, was not of a flesh-colour—It was of a purple hue, and bore no small resemblance to a coarse file—The said Lewis was dubious whether this were an arm, stained with the composition which sailors use to stamp an anchor and cable, or the back part of their hands, or whether it might not be a new invented sleeve from the shop of Miss Chrystal. In doubtful cases, the Ladies should be sacred, and the said Lewis sauntered by, and confined his stickee beneath his arm, till he might make more correct observation.

In passing onward up High-street, a brace of females passed your deputy, who were legitimate objects of his rapping instructions—Two inches below the shoulder, something similar to a flesh-coloured glove presented itself, and the said Lewis hesitated—but a closer inspection prompted him to brandish his stickee. He was in the act of rapping, when the monstrous whiskers, the martial appearance and attitude, and the Herculean club of the Adonis, who strutted by their side, suggested, to his mind, the propriety, and the policy of trusting to the good sense of the ladies, and the sober expostulations of their physicians and mothers, to "correct the procedure." Your deputy lounged, on his way, and noted elbows, which he ventured to rap, but, as he has observed some of the ladies since, and discovers no alteration, he fears that coercive measures, with the daughters of Eve, will not be as effectual as mild expostulation; for women are not seldom unlike arches, which, the more they are pressed, the less apt are they to *give way*. Your deputy also noted necks, across which he would have waved his French fan, but their ruddy hue seemed to say, that they blushed at being thrust into notice, and afforded some feeble grounds of belief, that, hereafter, the "*winter winds would not visit* them too rudely."

Lewis Listless prays leave to report further, that he sauntered to a tea-party, where, lolling on the sofa, he noted much matter worthy of communication. Sharp elbows were outrageously intruding, and were rapped in the most gentle manner—They were touched as lightly as a beau fingers a lady's glove, in leading her across the street. The theatre, and conundrums were discussed with warmth, and a great deal of conversation passed. The said Lewis Listless solemnly avers, that he did hear the terms, "Oh, heavens," "good God," "curse you;"—and once, the expression "d—n you," was more than whispered; but, at those times, unfortunately and unexpectedly, four or five tongues were in motion together, and your deputy refers it to your serious consideration, whether these expressions were not used by *the gentlemen*, who joined in conversation. The language and sentiments of both sexes were so nearly similar, that he cannot, *with safety*, assert, that the ladies did utter them. The said Lewis did look carefully for faces, painted white or red—there were some faces very pale, but he cannot affirm that this was not the effect of midnight balls, or of draughts of vinegar, which is said to be a favourite beverage with young Misses—some faces were very red, but this might have been caused by those frequent and warm blushes, which play, like lightning on a summer night, upon the cheeks of ladies, timidly modest, and unassuming, when in company.

Lewis Listless further reports, that, anticipating a crowd of fashionable females at the theatre, to witness the performance of Mr. Cooper, he lounged up and down the lobbies, and through the coffee-room, to gaze at the bucks, and strolled into the pit, to mark the ladies in the boxes—here he observed necks and elbows peeping out in all the modest simplicity of Mistress Eve. His raps were frequent, but the naked charmers were too intently occupied, in listening to the performance, or to the ingenious and luminous criticisms of the gentlemen behind them. The said Lewis Listless verily affirms, that he gazed at two painted faces, in the occupation of two young females, who are often seen at the theatre, and about High-street, for although he watched them narrowly, he did not perceive that their countenances varied, *even while Mr. Cooper played*, and your deputy cannot suppose that *ladies* were uninterested in the performance of Mr. Cooper.

Lewis Listless submits one further remark to your critical consideration—the poet Thomson says, that "ladies when unadorned, are adorned the most," now your deputy cannot believe, with the ladies, that the poet meant to exclude wardrobes from ladies' chambers—he knew that fancy, like a race-horse, must sometimes fast—But the said Lewis, protesting his modesty, differs from the ladies with extreme diffidence.

*LEWIS LISTLESS.*

## POLITICS.

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

### PROGRESS OF DEMOCRACY, No. I.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

In the following pages, I have thrown together some observations on Democracy; such as occured to me, when reflecting on the present state of political affairs; particularly on the extraordinary elevation of Napolean Buonaparte to the sovereignty of France. They possess at least the merit of historical evidence to illustrate them; and with this advantge they cannot be entirely useless to your readers.

The curious and speculative mind will assuredly discover a copious subject for reflection in the progress of Democracy, both in Europe and the United States; and from an attentive obser-

vation on its career from the days of Cromwell to the present period, learn at least one useful lesson: that nations, like individuals, are but little inclined to profit by the experience of past ages, if either their passions, or temporary interests, prompt them to pursue the same broad, destructive, and unprofitable course.

It is not my intention, to enter into a minute detail of the events which have accompanied this progress, either in Europe or America, for although every one of them would afford matter for serious and useful reflection, still I must content myself with noticing a few, important, and leading ones; such as will answer the design of these papers.

I cannot help prefacing my observations with a remark, which, though it be not directly connected with the subject before us, may not be deemed a useless digression; it is, that history has recorded very few, if any, instances of a people, struggling for a reformation in the religion of their country, who have not eventually met with success. But please, sir, recollect, I said struggling for a reformation; for I remember no example of a successful effort of any nation, entirely to extirpate its religion, and drive away its ministers, and destroy its temples; nay, the page of history is not sullied, even with an attempt towards so sacrilegious an object; this singular phenomenon was reserved for our enlightened age. But a temperate and manly effort to soften the too rigid discipline, and correct the violence of a tyrannic church, always has, and always will, have the reason and the passions of the greater, and more influential part of all people in its favour, and persuade, or force the concurrence of the government. I could attest this observation by examples, drawn from Germany, England, and the United Provinces, during the periods of the wars which were carried on in these several countries, for the reformation of the christian church, and by the universal toleration of dissenters from the established worship of every nation, in which such manly and temperate efforts have been made. But examples are too rife, to need reference to any particular one. It is equally evident, from a perusal of the history of different nations, that all the wild projects, and daring enterprizes of faction, I call it faction, for it degenerates to this in a very short space of time, to new model their government, on the broad system of equality, where all distinctions of rank are destroyed, and all principle of universal suffrage is acknowledged; where the rich, and the poor, the high and low, have equally a constitutional privilege, to direct the great machine of government, have never once brought into full operation their favorite scheme, nor advanced the nation one jot nearer that point of ideal liberty.

AURELIUS.

## MISCELLANY.

[In the New-England Palladium, a paper abounding in original pieces, we find the following ingenious essay; the thoughts and the style are high proofs of the author's ability, and we hope to enjoy with him many an *agreeable Winter Evening.*]

MESSRS. EDITORS,

I am a traveller by profession, and though not at all ambitious of exciting wonder by the relation of marvellous tales, I declare that I have been a traveller for nearly six thousand years. My excursions are not confined to an island, or even a continent; but I go from the north pole to the south, and what may appear a little whimsical, I *always* go in direct opposition to the sun. This is agreeable to a *law of my nature*, and I never pass the sun, which I do twice in the year, without feeling uncomfortably *warm*. I am generally dressed in a robe of *pure white*, with such quantities of furs as my place of residence requires, and my mode of travelling is quite *etherial*. My annual approach is indicated by certain infallible *signs*, and my daily one, by a vast number of *lighted lamps* hung in the skies. The longest period of my residence, in any one place, is about six months, which many people would think, I suppose, quite too long a visit; but I assure them, that I do nothing without a sufficient *cause*. I have lately returned from a tour to the southward and intend to spend *three* months in this place. My friends may calculate with certainty upon this period, for I do not, like many ladies, engage to stay three months, and afterwards protract them to five; but I always observe the most perfect regularity, in *time* and *season*.

I am, as might naturally be expected, perfectly acquainted with the inhabitants, manners, and modes of life, which are found in the different countries through which I pass; and am careful to notice every infraction of the laws of civility. I grant, with cheerfulness, every proper indulgence which the particular state of society demands; and always take that standard of judgment, which is acknowledged by the wise and virtuous. Hence great diversities of employment and amusement prevail, dictated by local, moral, and other causes. My *rustic* friends, for instance, always make great preparations to render my residence comfortable and pleasant; for they have due notice of my approach, and know very well that my visit will be *without interruption*. The certain expectation of my coming engrosses all their care, and stimulates their diligence, to have all things ready and in order. Wood is collected to feed their constant fires, the seal and the whale are pursued in icy seas, to supply their lamps with oil, while the deer and the bear are hunted through perennial snows, to furnish their repast. Then the huntsman recounts his successes, his toils, and his dangers, and perceives the faces of his children, brightening with exultation, or saddening with pity. What, though the *Aurora borealis* shoots hissing over the hemisphere, and mountains pour their lava; what, though the white bear "howls to her sundered cubs," and the angry spirits of the region murmur as they pass over the humble cabin of the fur-clad inhabitants, still within, the fires burn brisk, the song and the dance prevail, and the artless tale of love is told.

Though in this country, I am frequently welcomed as the harbinger of pleasure, my feelings are much mistaken, if it is supposed, that I delight in genteel folly or senseless revelry. The gay and fashionable train must not think, that I can always be versatile and thoughtless like themselves; but should remember that my most faithful friends, those who have most profited by my company, are among the great, the wise, and the learned. I could tell them of MILTON, who with the aid of his lonely lamp, was studious

> ....."to unfold
> What worlds or what vast regions hold
> The immortal mind"—

I could turn them to the pages of YOUNG, THOMPSON, and COWPER, who courted my presence in strains, which I am proud to approve.

I have had some hints of meditated irregularities, which have induced me to publish my intention of remarking upon the characters, and scenes, with which I shall be conversant, during my residence in town. I make my visits regularly and constantly, whether I find my friends at home, or absent; I attend at all public places, private parties, and fire-side circles; I am never absent from balls or assemblies, though I am often obliged to retire before my company. I shall visit the divine, the lawyer, and the politician; the poet, the critic, the student, the man of pleasure, and the ladies. With the last, I shall take a particular pleasure in sometimes passing a few hours alone, that I may have an opportunity of bringing to view some hidden excellencies. After making my observations, I shall submit it to the public to determine, *where*, in *what manner*, and *with whom*, I spent my time most pleasantly and profitably.

*I am with respect, yours, &c.*

WINTER EVENING.

## GARNERIN'S BALLOON.

The fine spectacle presentsd by the late ascent of this celebrated aeronaut at Ranelagh excited an universal desire to behold the more arduous enterprize of his descent in the parachute which was advertised for Saturday. The people, accordingly flocked from every side towards Lord's Cricket Ground, and though bills were posted at the Pantheon, so early as twelve o'clock, to signify that the high wind rendered it necessary to defer the ascent till Monday, yet so few had seen them, or had received any information of the postponement, that Baker's street, and the other avenues leading from Oxford-street to the new road, were quite thronged with carriages and foot passengers about three o'clock, when a torrent of rain poured on the unfortunate multitude, in which few had had the prudence to provide against it, though they had sufficient notice of its approach by the gloominess of the sky, and the fall of several lighter showers in the earlier part of the day. A scene of inconceivable confusion immediately ensued. Five or six persons crowded under every umbrella, and in their struggles to shelter themselves under it, without regarding who was the right owner, derived no other advantage from it than receiving the rain in copious streams, instead of separate drops. Carts which had been hired out to some who wished for an elevated situation, became now so many reservoirs, and those who were in them wished in vain that they were inverted, while others crouched beneath them, without waiting to bargain with the owners for this unlooked for species of accommodation; many sought refuge beneath the bodies of coaches, and coach horses, trusting more to the impossibility of moving in the crowd than to the humanity of the coachmen. The female pedestrians afforded a most affecting appearance of distress; abandoned in many instances by their swains, who, in this moment thought only of themselves, unwilling to risk their muslin in the rude retreats, where the men were content to hide themselves, they remained exposed to all the fury of the tempest, which in a few minutes drenched that light and elegant drapery intended to float not in the deluge that now deformed it, but in the gentle breezes of the fairest morning, adding grace to the shape which far from concealing, it would scarcely be said to cover. One advantage indeed was enjoyed, though possibly not felt by those whose dress is but a system of display; their robes clung so closely to them that every variation of figure was perfectly distinguishable. The fair inhabitants of Baker-street and Portman-square being early apprized of the postponement of the ascent, remained at home, and consoled themselves with beholding from their windows the animated caricature which seemed to be given to them, as an indemnification. Upon the whole, we have not witnessed such a sight since the review on his Majesty's birth day, in 1800, and that of yesterday was probably of a higher kind than the other. M. Garnerin himself felt extreme disappointment, not only in not being able to afford the promised gratification to the assembly, but still more in the sufferings even of those, for such almost exclusively were the sufferers, who were but gratuitous spectators of the entertainment, which he had prepared at so

expence. In order that no second disappointment may be experienced in any thing that depends on him, he declared his positive determination to ascend at any rate this day; but unless the weather proves fair, he will not come down in the parachute. Captain Sowden, who seems to have become enamoured of aerial voyages, from his last trip, intends to accompany him, if the weather should be such as to permit only a common ascent without the parachute.

## INTERESTING TRAVELS

### IN AMERICA,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

### PART THE FIFTH.

BENEFIT OF THE AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE TO EUROPE.

### CHAPTER IV.

*Advantages, of Colonies, to the European States.—The Independence of America is an example to the other Colonies. They will all open their ports to all Nations, by which means, the States without colonies will share the benefits arising from colonies.—These establishments, will in future be made upon more correct and liberal principles.*

The opinion appears to prevail in France, that colonies are of no benefit to the mother country. There have likewise been declamations against them in England. I cannot possibly be of this opinion.

I maintain on the contrary, that if only one European power should possess colonies, and the others none, the colonizing State, would very soon, play the most conspicuous part, and would subject the others to itself.

It is fortunate for the nations without colonies, that there are two or more States, which hold such possessions, and are nearly equal in strength. Rivality and competition among sellers, is useful to purchasers.

The Europeans are at present habituated to too many wants, for one country to produce them all within itself. All the climates, whether hot, temperate, or even cold, must pay their tribute to the gratification of these wants. A State therefore, cannot produce all the articles which it wants, unless it should extend from the equator to the polar circle. And this not being the case it must be concerned in trade, either with foreigners, or with colonies.

Among these foreign productions, which have almost become necessaries of life, those which are raised only in tropical climates have been deemed the most valuable, and are in greatest use, so that it seems as if it had been preconcerted to draw the necessaries of life from the greatest possible distance; which truly does not appear remarkably wise.

Hence arises the benefit of colonies; and especially of tropical colonies. So long as they are dependant they can trade only with the mother country. The latter purchases their productions in exchange for manufactures, whence arises a barter trade advantageous on both sides. By this, Industry is encouraged and vivified in the metropolis. The colonizing State gains upon the sale of its colonial productions to the nations without colonies, first, the freight of the goods, and secondly the additional price which her merchants affix to them for their own benefit—All this is clear loss to the purchasing nation without colonies.

Two contingencies may here occur—Either the metropolis raises by her own industry, the articles wanted by her colonies, or she purchases with the produce of her colonies, from other nations these objects of her colonial trade—In this last case, she still gains by this intermediate commerce, inasmuch as firstly, she receives more colonial produce for these goods, purchased of foreigners, than they would have demanded had they themselves carried their goods to those colonies; for the metropolis makes her colonists pay for her time and trouble in carying on this intermediate commerce.

Secondly, she sells her colonial productions to the nations, which possess no colonies, at higher prices than they would have paid for them, had they purchased them at the first hand in the colonies—The State without colonies loses therefore by this double intermediate trade of the colonizing State, just as much as she gains. The amount is clear profit for the latter, and clear loss, for the former.

If the consumption of these tropical productions were inconsiderable, this gain on one side, and loss on the other would be trifling—But sugar, coffee, rice &c. are objects of which the consumption in Europe, is almost as great, as that of the materials for bread—Besides, the governments raise a large proportion of their revenues from imposts upon these articles. They are therefore far from wishing to restrain their consumption. They do not reflect, that in proportion to the greatness of their revenues, the national wealth is diminished, and that they are in the predicament of a man who lives no longer upon the produce of his industry, but encroaches upon his capital.

Most governments content themselves with prohibiting the introduction of foreign manufactured goods into their country. But they do not consider, how much more of that money which they are so anxious to hold fast, they lose by these tropical productions. It is indeed certainly necessary, in order to prevent immediate ruin to prohibit the importation of foreign manufactured goods, especially such as come from a colonizing State.

Another advantage of colonies, especially of those in tropical latitudes, is that the metropolis can receive absolute necessaries of life, such as corn &c. when she needs them, in exchange for colonial produce without being obliged to pay away her gold and silver.

A State which receives tropical productions from her colonies, can always exact gold and silver for them, and her demand will be complied with, if she refuses to give them upon any other terms; so irresistable is the necessity for these articles—Thus at this time (April 1797) ship loads of gold and silver, are sent from Hamburgh to London, where the English now want cash, to support the credit of their bank, and for which, they remit coffee, sugar &c. to Germany.

If the benefit of colonies, to the metropolis, be very great, even when she takes goods from other nations in exchange for her colonial productions, how important must it be, when the manufactures of the State itself are sufficient to provide for her colonies? She will then exact gold and silver, or perhaps raw materials for her manufactures, in exchange for her colonial produce, and will gradually drain all the nations without colonies, but which consume the tropical productions, of their gold and silver—Those nations will then be compelled to have recourse to bank bills, and for the punishment of their want of understanding will make in the world, a figure equally contemptible and ridiculous.

If the State without colonies should insist upon paying for the tropical productions with goods of her own raising, and should refuse to give gold and silver for them, the metropolis of the colonies would have two prices; one for goods and the other for money, and would make the purchaser for goods pay the dearer for them. But when the State without colonies is once drained to a certain degree of its metals, it is no longer able to establish and vivify manufactures—For according to the modern systems of finance, money is necessary for this—Money has become altogether independent of the goods, which it should represent. It has acquired an existence of its own, and is now, itself an article of merchandize. This is certainly an abuse, from which the greatest part of all the present social disorders proceed. Thus whoever has money, can have goods, when he pleases, but not vice versâ. Whoever has only goods, and wants money, must submit to the laws prescribed by the money holder. Certain articles of the first necessity such as corn &c. and at present when tropical productions have become almost as necessary as bread, coffee, sugar &c. being in such great demand, must be excepted. These articles are as good as money, which is not the case with the others.

Such is the great utility of tropical countries to the mother country. I shall now examine some objections which are made against colonies.

They are said to occasion frequent wars; and this has hitherto been true. But the ground of this lies in commercial jealousy, and it proves how highly colonies were formerly valued.

All this is a consequence of the modern commercial system.—Coffee and sugar having become necessary, must be cultivated by colonies. For neither in India, in Africa, nor in America, have the natives cultivated them. It would certainly have been better if they had, for then it would have been easy to do without colonies. But the passion for coffee was irresistible, it was thought impossible to live without sugar; the Indians would not in any part of the world cultivate those articles, and it became indespensible therefore, to settle at great expence colonies where they might be raised. Whoever would obtain the end, must acquiesce in the means.

Wars have their foundation in the ambition and avarice of man; they are not a necessary consequence of colonies; they have indeed been an additional stimulus to avarice.—But even without colonies, there would have been no want of occasions for war, as is proved by the times antecedent to the colonial system.

I have indeed, not said that the settlement of colonies in general was laudable. I have only maintained, that if some European States draw the tropical productions from their colonies, and other States without colonies, consume those productions, it must be very prejudicial to the latter, and advantageous to the former.

It is further said that colonies, being so distant, are hard to defend.—A considerable naval power is necessary to protect them. But if settlers had been sent into foreign quarters of the world, when the colonizing States sent theirs, a naval power would have followed of course.—Navies are formed by the colonial trade. There are besides, other means even without a fleet, or with a small one, to secure colonies against the usurpations of a greater maritime power; and they consist in the jealousy of the other naval powers. These would protect the possessions of the weak, and not allow the strong by usurping them to acquire yet greater power.

So long therefore as a jealous balance among the naval powers, continues to exist, a power without naval force might hold its colonies in security.—But if a coalition between the maritime powers should take place, the colonies of another power would indeed be lost; a coalition among the naval powers is not however so easy to imagine as among powers whose force is by land, and should it take place, would only prove these colonies to have been settled too late, and

that their metropolis should have thought of such establishments, as early as other nations.

It is likewise said that colonies cost the mother country dear, to settle, to strengthen, and to maintain, as well as to pay for their government, the troops kept among them, &c. But I have already shown that the advantage drawn from them is incomparably greater than the expence which they occasion; and when they are skilfully administered, they cost very little.

But colonies will become independent as soon as they feel themselves strong enough to shake off the yoke of the mother country.—This cannot be denied, and it is perhaps so much the better. Colonies for the reasons above mentioned, will remain dependent upon the mother country long enough, not only to indemnify her, for the capital employed upon them, but to repay it, with usury. It remains therefore an advantageous undertaking to the mother country, even though they should declare themselves independent. This, they cannot do until they have grown powerful, and then they may be very useful as allies. It is only necessary to treat them always as friends, and not wage war against them, on account of their Independence.—Experience has shown, that since its independence, America, has been more useful to Great Britain, than she was before.—The greatest part of the American trade has remained in the hands of the English. —Thus it will always be, especially if a better system of policy than that of England should be pursued, and colonies should be settled upon more correct principles.

To the objection that colonies depopulate a State, it may be replied, that it is better that emigrants should go to the colonies of the State, than to foreign countries or their colonies. For people do not emigrate without causes; and if the causes exist, it is impossible to restrain such emigrations. The emigrants often return with riches, from the colonies home, and at this day, a rich citizen is estimated at an higher value than a poor one.—They are, besides, not left for the State, in the colonies, but labour for her benefit. —The reason why the English emigrate less into foreign countries, than others, is, because they have many colonies where they can improve their circumstances.

## STATISTICAL ACCOUNT
### OF BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Great Britain was called Britannia by the Romans, who invaded it fifty-five years before the birth of Christ, from which time, till the year 446, it remained under their yoke. The Danes and Saxons ruled alternately till the invasion of William the Conquerer in 1066. In 1172 Ireland was conquered, and in 1284 Wales. In 1603 the crowns of England and Scotland were united, under James I. in 1706 their parliaments were united, and in 1800 the English and Irish parliaments, so that there is now only one parliament for the three kingdoms.

The form of government is monarchical, the succession to which is hereditary in both lines in the house of Brunswick. The legislative power vested in king, lords, and commons, but the executive in the king assisted by a council of his own nomination.

England is now the first commercial and manufacturing nation; it is also the greatest naval power. Its revenues and expenditures are beyond those of any other nation.

The use of machinery, has been carried to an immense length, and its construction to great perfection, so that the labour of more than three millions of persons is performed by inanimate workmen, as they may be termed, who both toil and spin without requiring either food or raiment, the keeping of which in repair, added to the interest of the first expence, does not amount to above three-halfpence a day on the labour of one person worth a shilling, the aggregate gain on which is three millions of French livres in one day, or £. 126,000!! It is owing chiefly to such inventions that this nation is able to support its great debts and annual expences.

England is fruitful and well cultivated, but exports little of its produce. Of late years the corn produced has not been equal to supply the country.

| | |
|---|---|
| Extent in square miles | 104,000 |
| Number of inhabitants | 14,000,000 |
| Number of persons to a square mile | 136 |
| Extent in English acres | 67,000,000 |
| Number of acres of land to each person | 4 3 4 |
| Number of cultivated acres | 40,000,000 |
| Revenues in pounds sterling | 27,000,000 |
| Amount of public debt | 400,000,000 |
| Land forces in time of peace | 45,000 |
| Ditto regulars and militia of all sorts this war | 350,000 |
| Number of seamen in time of peace | 18,000 |
| Ditto in time of war | 112,000 |
| Ships of the line | 187 |
| Frigates, sloops, &c. | 441 |
| Leagues of sea coast | 1,200 |
| Tonnage of merchant ships | 1,800,000 |
| Number of inhabitants in the capital | 1,100,000 |
| Number of parishes, 9,000 in England and 1000 in Scotland (not including Ireland) | 10,000 |
| Exports to all parts, average | 30,000,000 |
| Imports from all parts, ditto | 25,000,000 |
| Expence of maintaining the poor | 3,000,000 |
| Expence of the clergy | 7,000,000 |
| Great divisions of the country, England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, | 4 |
| Smaller divisions, counties | 117 |
| Chief towns, London, Dublin, Edinburgh, York, Liverpool, Bristol, Newcastle. | |
| Longitude of central point, 1 degree 3 minutes west. | |
| Latitude of ditto 53 degrees 40 minutes north. | |
| Longitude of the capital city 0 degrees 0 minutes, this and most English books calculate from the meridian of London. | |
| Latitude of ditto 51 degrees 31 minutes north. | |
| Amount of taxes on each person, 1l. 18s. 3d. | |
| Rate of interest of money, 5 per cent. in England and Scotland, 6 per cent. in Ireland. | |
| Religion, Protestant, Lutheran and Calvinist, all sects tolerated. | |

## THE DRAMA.
### THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

The system of representation in the island of Great-Britain, has, avowedly, become very defective, but no one has, of late years, had such reason to complain, as the renowned knight *Sir John Falstaff*. We wish that all his Majesty's liege subjects, had now such a fair prospect of having justice done to them. *Sir John* has, at last, attained that *weight* and consequence to which he is intitled.

Mr. Stephen Kemble, who has long been a theatrical star of the first magnitude in a northern constellation, appeared, for the first time, on the boards of Drury. From the powers of the family, to which he belongs, it might have been expected that he would have chosen some serious and melancholy part for his *debut*; but, on the spot where his brother and sister have so often excited indignation and drawn forth tears, he undertook to occasion merriment, as the lying and witty *Falstaff*. The expectation of the public was wonderfully excited, and the house was crowded at an early hour.

Before the curtain drew up, Mr. Bannister came forward, and delivered the following address, wrote by Mr. S. Kemble himself. We scarcely ever saw any thing, of the kind, so well received:

A Falstaff here to-night, by Nature made,
Lends to your favorite Bard his pond'rous aid,
No man of buckram he! no stuffing gear!
No feather bed—nor, e'en a pillow-beer!
But all good honest flesh, and blood, and bone,
And weighing, more or less, some *thirty stone*.
Upon the Northern coast, by chance, we caught him,
And hither, in a *broad wheel'd waggon*, brought him.
For in a chaise the varlet ne'er could enter,
And no mail coach on such a fare would venture.
Blest with unwieldiness—at least his *size!*
Will favor find in every critic's eyes.
And, should his humour, and his mimic art,
Bear due proportion to *his outward part*—
As once 'twas said of *Macklin* in the *Jew*,
*This is the very Falstaff Shakespeare drew.*
To you, with diffidence, he bids me say,
Should you approve, you may command his stay,
To lie, and swagger here, another day.
If not—to better men he'll leave his sack,
And go, as ballast, in a collier back.

The audience judged that the man who wrote this must not only have stupendous corporeal qualifications for the part, but must likewise be possessed of a high degree of the humour and jocularity of the character he was to personate. Very few, we believe, would be disappointed. Some, to be sure, have, of late, acquired false notions of the character, and might think that they were not made to laugh sufficiently often, and with due violence. They expected, perhaps, to see a buffoon, who Merry-Andrew like, would be constantly striving to divert the bye-standers by antic gestures, stale tricks, and bodily wit. Mr. Kemble never violated decorum, or forgot that he was a gentleman. And here he certainly conformed himself to the meaning of the author. *Falstaff's* wit is, generally, of the most refined nature, and is not intended to produce horse-laughter, but that keen and delicate gratification which arises from unexpected combinations of thought, apt allusions, pointed repartee and polished raillery.

Mr. Kemble's *conception* of the part was certainly very just. He must have bestowed much study upon it, as he enters so completely into the minutest feelings of *Falstaff* upon every occasion, whether important or trifling. Like the rest of his family, his voice is very deficient in flexibility. It is much clearer than John's, but is not more various in its tones. He was thus often prevented from fully expressing the ideas which were evidently in his mind; for he has, beyond doubt, a sense of humour, and is not unqualified for scenes of gaiety. From this defect he seemed occasionally too grave, his delivery was formal, and his performance was wanting in richness. He once or twice even asked questions of himself, and uttered exclamations quite in the style of Tragedy. Upon the whole, however, he furnished an excellent repast to the lovers of just acting. He put forth an uncommon share of intellect, and shewed himself to be an original thinker, and an enlightened critic. He gave the portrait an infinity of delicate touches, in which he was well warranted by the original; but which would have escaped the notice of a coarser artist. Mr. Kemble was most happy on his arrival at Shrewsbury. His disquisition upon HONOR was given with admirable effect; and he went through the various parts assigned him, in the battle, with the greatest eclat. His boasting of Percy's death was quite inimitable. He here drew down three distinct peals

plause; and, throughout, his reception was as warm as he could desire. We may, therefore, hope for the pleasure of seeing him again in the same character. It is to be regretted that his avocations in the country prevent him from accepting a permanent engagement in London. Though his person is so unwieldy, he has a face fully as handsome and expressive as Mrs. Siddons or Mr. J. Kemble, and in mental endowments he seems to be, by no means, inferior to any person now upon the stage.

We never saw Mr. Pope to such advantage as in *Percy*. The part admits of a great display of talent; and the impatience, the high spirit, and the gallantry of *Hotspur*, were scarcely ever rendered so conspicuous. He was, perhaps, not sufficiently playful in the scene where he evades the anxious inquiries of his wife *Kate*, as to the cause of his uneasiness. Mr. Kemble is here decidedly more felicitous. The audience shewed themselves sensible of Mr. Pope's extraordinary merit.

Mr. C. Kemble made a very good *Prince of Wales*. We liked him much better, however, in the lighter scenes, than when he was magnified by the majesty of blank verse. When he takes an oath, or forms a serious resolution, he puts on a stare, which, to speak tenderly of it, is unmeaning. Upon such occasions he has "a trick in his eye," and "a hanging of the nether lip," which prove him to be no genuine son of the tragic muse. We are, likewise, of opinion that he treats *Old Jack* too harshly. Shakespeare makes *Hal* give his friend a great deal of opprobrious language, but, we apprehend, that this should be spoken with an accent of kindness, and with an air of affection. By the bye we are at a loss to conceive why the scene was omitted, in which the *Prince* is supposed to be sent for to Court, and where *Sir John* and he act the old King by turns. We consider this as one of the most exquisite in the whole play.

As *Mortimer's Welsh wife* never makes her appearance on the stage, the only females were Mrs. Powell, in *Lady Percy*, and Mrs. Sparkes, in *Dame Quickly*. They performed their respective parts well enough, although we should like to know what authority the latter has for speaking about *Sir Jan*, and telling the Prince that *Sir Jan* had threatened to *kajeel* him. There is no occasion to resort to such low arts to make this celebrated hostess give good entertainment.

Wroughton was very monotonous in *King Henry*, and Packer did not give much interest to *Northumberland*.

We must, by no means, close our remarks without bestowing upon Mr. Dignum's *Sir Richard Vernon* the high praise which it so well deserves. *Sir Richard* was prominent on the canvass as a noble-minded, generous, gallant Knight; and Mr. Dignum fully proved, that if he had dedicated himself to the Tragic walks of the Drama, he would have moved the passions as effectually by energy and pathos of acting as he now does by his melodious and captivating voice.

The farce of *Fortune's Frolic* succeeded, in which Mr. Collins again acted *Robin Roughhead*, with universal applause.

## LAW INTELLIGENCE.

### *KING'S BENCH.*

### WALTON v. VANDERZEE.

The plaintiff is the Post-master of Billericay, the defendant an Attorney of the same place. The action was brought to recover a compensation in damages for that which the plaintiff called a gross and scandalous libel on his character and reputation. The libel consisted of a letter sent by defendant to Mr. Bartlett, the acting Post-Master General in London, and was as follows:—"Sir, I think it proper to inform you, that a letter of mine having been opened, I am under the necessity of bringing a penal action against John Walton, the Post-Master of Billericay, who has been in the habit of opening letters at that office, which have come through his hands for this twelve months past. I have suspected him on several occasions of late, but could not establish the fact till a recent instance occurred."....The defendant was as good as his word, and brought his action, but was non-suited at the Spring Assizes. On that ground the plaintiff brought the present action, considering this non-suit would establish the libel, and prove the representation on the part of Mr. Vanderzee, to have been the offspring of malice; if it did not, it was contended a man's reputation would stand on an uncertain and woeful foundation. The necessary legal forms of proving the letter and its contents to have been received by Mr. Bartlett, and written by the defendant, were then gone through.....The defendant pleaded a justification of his conduct, and brought several witnesses to prove that they had received letters through the post-office at Billericay, which bore the appearance of having been opened, and corroborated the general suspicion entertained that an improper liberty was taken with the letters coming through Mr. Walton's hand....The letter which the defendant had himself complained of was also put in as evidence, and the party who sent it to Mr. Vanderzee, and the persons through whose hands it had passed to the plaintiff, all swore that it was in a different state with respect to the seal, than when it was delivered at the Billericay post-office.

The learned judge, on summing up the evidence, observed, that to entitle the plaintiff to a verdict, the jury must first be of opinion that the defendant had no reasonable ground for making the representation he had done to Mr. Bartlett, and that he had acted purely out of malice; on the contrary, if they were of opinion that the circumstances attending the letter were such as to create suspicion in the mind of a fair and candid man, then the defendant was well warranted in making the communication he had done, and deserved the thanks of the country, and a verdict at their hands. He must confess the letter bore a very awkward appearance, and that something had been done to it was manifest; but in what way, by whom, and at what place, it was not for him to surmise. Of that the jury would decide; remembering that if a person acted improperly in any public office, another knowing of it was not bound to keep it a secret.

The jury retired for upwards of four hours, when they returned a verdict for *defendant*.

A cause, respecting the corporation of Harwich, was called on last Saturday, at the Essex Assizes: but on the declaration being unfolded, it was found to contain *twenty-five* separate pleas, and measured *ten yards* in length. His Lordship observed, that as the Assize was so far advanced, it would be impossible to *travel* through such a record, and begged it might stand over.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

[M. Le Texier, a French emigrant, in London, has long been in the habit of reading French to a band of *amateurs*, who are desirous of improving themselves in the pronunciation of that modish language. At New-York Mr. Martin laudably follows so useful an example.]

PROPOSALS

*FOR LECTURES ON FRENCH LITERATURE.*

AT H. CARITAT'S LITERARY ASSEMBLY ROOM, NO. 1, CITY-HOTEL, FENELON'S HEAD, BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

The perfect knowledge of a foreign language and particularly that of the French, is an object so desirable, that every description of people should eagerly grasp at the means of obtaining it: It is but seldom that foreigners who have not had the opportunity of travelling through France, can acquire that pleasing facility of speaking it with a good and natural accent: to obviate this H. Caritat ever desirous of expressing his heart-felt gratitude to the public, for the liberal encouragement he has met with in his literary assembly, and anxious to promote the amusement of his subscribers, has deemed it proper to offer them a new mode of diversion, which will be at the same time useful and improving, in affording them the means of understanding and pronouncing correctly the French language. This advantage is not, however, limited to the subscribers only; it is also offered to ladies and gentlemen, who would be desirous of partaking the advantages which may result from an useful and agreeable reading.

The plan offered is as follows—The Lectures will be on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at nine o'clock in the evening. The subjects will be varied every evening, and selected from the best and most approved authors in history, biography, voyages, travels, tragedies, comedies, &c. The lectures will be given by M. Martin, a native of Paris, who had an hearing of several gentlemen of this city, at the Literary Room, which was unanimously approved of.—The terms will be, for the subscribers to the Room 4 dollars for 12 tickets, to non-subscribers 6 dollars for 12 tickets, or 6 shillings for each reading. The lectures shall begin as soon as five and twenty persons will have taken tickets—Subscriptions received at Mr. Caritat's Book-store, or at Mr. Martin's, No. 58 John-street

## FINE ARTS.

[We lament that in the *Capital* of our Country there are so few good Paintings and Prints. Strangers are amazed to see the most paultry daubings, quite in vogue, provided they have a *fine frame*. At New York, the dawn of a better taste is discerned. The following advertisement offers something more brilliant to our curiosity, then those *coloured* things, so much admired by the Philadelphia vulgar. There was formerly in London a Mr. John *Overton* at the sign of the *white* horse, who was wont to exhibit *highly coloured*, and deeply stained *things*. There you might see King William in flaming red, and the Duke of Marlborough in audacious yellow, the bold Pretender in flaunting purple, and the hero of Culloden with lampblack face. If the above Mr. *Overton* could be revived, and would bring with him a sufficient quantity of red ochre, spanish brown, vivid verditer and yellow gamboge, there is no doubt but his taudry pictures sufficiently *bedizened* with leaf gold, would, in our pretty mercantile phrase, answer very well in this country.]

P. CORTI, VECCHIO, & Co. at No. 112. Broadway, (opposite the City Hotel,) have just imported and for sale, a great variety of Pictures and Prints, done by the most approved artists, well known to Connoisseurs and Scientific men, among which are the following:

| | *Painted by* |
|---|---|
| The Descent - - | Maria Cosway |
| The Annunciation - | Maria Cosway |
| Coriolanus—from the Roman history | H. Singleton |
| Christ blessing the Children - | West |
| Christ entering into Jerusalem | H. Singleton |
| The descent from the Cross, with 2 side pieces | [P. P. Rubens |
| One ditto | C. W. E. Dietricy |
| Apollo and the nine Muses | L. Guttenborgh |
| The Sower - - - - | R. Westall |
| Labour and Health - - - | Barker |
| Sheep Shearers - - - | H. Singleton |
| The Resurrection of the Pious Family | Rev. W. Peters. [L. L. B. Exeter College, Oxford |
| Faith, Hope, and Charity - | James Nixon |
| Cottagers at the bottom of Mount Vesuvius | [Catharine Gauffie |

The Tribute money - C. W. E. Dietricy
Last Supper - - Benj. West, Esq.
The history of Joseph and his brethren [Kauffman
The rustic Hours - - - Wheatley
The Woodman - - - Barker
The Redeemer - - - - W. Miller
Adam burying the murdered body of Abel [H. Singleton
The departure of Cain from his wife do.
The first Death - - - - do.
The death of Major Pierson J. Singleton
The battle of Bunker's Hill
The siege of Gibraltar
The battle of the Nile
The battle of Copenhagen
Lord Howe's Victory, 1st June, 1794
The death of General Wolfe
The battle between the Austrians, Prussians, and the French, at Pozzi and Brevio
The battle between the Archduke Charles and Moreau, near Kintzingen
The battle of admiral Parker with the Dutch fleet
The battle of Sir John Jervis off Cape St. Vincent —with a number of others too numerous for an advertisement.

## MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

### SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

On a question so momentous, as the liberty of the press, every occurrence, which portends an abridgment of the free exercise of this high privilege, must, necessarily, excite general concern. It is of the utmost importance, that correct opinions, on this interesting subject, should be publicly disseminated. The Jacobin, whose object, in publishing a newspaper, is to scatter poison; whose aim is levelled at the root of society, and whose envenomed shafts no armour of virtue is stout enough to repel, can declaim and bluster about the liberty of the press, with equal zeal, and, far greater effrontery, than falls to the lot of an Oldschool disciple. It is not easy, under circumstances like these, to distinguish the genuine from the base coin; but, it may fairly be predicated, that he, who adopts the standard of precedent, and who cuts the die of his opinion, in conformity to antique impressions, will obtain for it a currency, when the systematic debaser, of all that is precious in society, shall be, universally, contemned and rejected.

From certain recent occurrences, of a public nature, we are led to infer, that a system of attack, upon the liberty of the press, which has been gradually plotting in secret, is about to be openly developed. We have seen, in the speech of one state executive officer, to the legislature, a pointed allusion to what he is pleased to call "the abuse of the noblest invention of man, the best preservation of civil liberty, a *free press*," and to which he ascribes all the discord and discontent prevalent in the country. As a corrective of these abuses, the same speech suggests the expediency of "the discipline of the laws." In another public document, intitled, "Resolutions of the Assembly of Virginia," we perceive great acrimony of expression, against *Federal Editors*, whose exercise of the liberty of the press is denominated, "gross, indecent, and unprincipled," and notwithstanding an affectation of doubt, as to the constitutionality of "legal restraints" upon the liberty of the press, it is easy to discern a lurking wish, that "legal restraints" may be imposed. But the strongest proof of the existence of such dispositions, and of the readiness in judicial officers, *in one part of the country*, to take cognizance of *imaginary* abuses of the press, has lately been displayed in the imprisonment of the Editor of the Recorder, upon the *bare complaint*, or oath, of an individual, whose character and conduct, as a public officer, had been severely scrutinized, by that Editor. At the instance of that individual, who is no other than the well known author of a pamphlet against the *sedition law*, which it was found expedient to pass under the late administration; who is the same professional person, employed by Callender, as his counsel, when he was indicted, under the sedition law, for being the writer of "The Prospect Before Us;" and who was guilty of great rudeness towards the presiding Judge of the Circuit Court, during that trial; a warrant was granted by three justices of Henrico county, for seizing the person of Callender, on a charge of publishing a libel, and, in default of his finding surety, for his future good behaviour, he was committed to prison.

However flagrant the conduct of Callender may have been, towards his old patron, and whatever may be our opinion of the man, we are bound, in this instance, to regard him as a citizen of the United States, dwelling in the state of Virginia, under the protection of the laws of the Union, and particularly amenable to the laws of the state, where he resides. So long as he has committed no actual breach of the peace, nor incurred the penalties of any violated law, he stands on a footing of equality with every other individual of the community. The offence given by Callender, was of a private nature; it was an affair between himself and Mr. George Hay, and the laws of the land were open to afford redress, if appealed to by Mr. Hay, for any actual injury, he may have sustained, either in person, or in his reputation, in consequence of Callender's attack.

The authority, under which the three justices of Henrico granted a warrant against Callender, is said to be derived from an ancient English statute of Edward III. and not from any law of the state of Virginia; and although "the purport of that statute hath (in the language of Burns) been carried much farther by construction, and extended by degrees, until at length, there is scarcely any other statute, which hath received such a largeness of interpretation," it is believed that no latitude of construction has been adopted *in England*, which would sanction a justice of the peace in requiring surety for the good behaviour of a person, taken under a warrant, for a *supposed libel*. It is not so clear that an interpretation to this extent, has not, in one instance, at least, prevailed in the state of Pennsylvania. We allude to the case of William Cobbett, who was bound over to his good behaviour, by Chief Justice M'Kean, for a *supposed libel* upon the King of Spain. The only difference between this and Callender's case is, that Cobbett entered into the recognizance exacted of him, and Callender did not; both are justly deemed unlawful exercises of magisterial power, and, it is devoutly to be hoped, they may not serve as precedents for future cases of constructive libels. In a matter so delicate, as the liberty of the press, *you may not trifle nor transgress*; for *constructive libels*, like *constructive treasons*, *will create an odious inquisition*, in the shape of a *Star-Chamber*, or some other tribunal, equally obnoxious to the safety and liberty of our fellow-citizens.

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Jacobinism rules every where, except in France, where Buonaparte tells his myrmidons, that he has placed Liberty, Equality, and the prosperity of the French nation, beyond the power of chance, and the uncertainty of futurity. Moreover, that those benefits may not be endangered by impure communication with anti-republican foreigners, he has wisely prohibited the importation of English newspapers. It were to be devoutly wished, that he had forbidden every Englishman, and every American to set his foot in France, and every Frenchman to set his foot in England or America. It is strange, and *passing strange*, that the name and designation of this man has been the principal subject of news, in Europe and America, for several years past. But it is remembered that he assumed the name of Alexander, in the view of making conquests in the East, and reviving the Turkish Empire, and that he once wrote to the Directory, that he was within a day's sailing of the ancient capital of Macedonia. But he was prevailed on to lay aside this name, by Sir Sidney Smith, who had a pretty long *tete-a-tete* with him at Acre, in Syria; and, it appears, that the arguments of Sir Sydney were so cogent, that *Alexander* Buonaparte has never since been known to the public by that name, though it was expressed in the briefs of the late Pope, and inscribed, by his own order, on a marble pillar, at Rome. His other name, *Ali*, which he assumed in Egypt, has had no better fate, as he was prevailed on to lay that aside also, by Lord Nelson and Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and to assume his original name, Napoleon, by which he was graciously pleased to permit the *free citizens* of France to elect him First Consul for life, with the right of naming his successor, and the title of Emperor of the Sans-Cullotes.—It is said our worthy President envies his elevation; probably on account of his own disappointment, as he has only obtained five and twenty thousand dollars—and a *cheese*, for all his zeal for liberty and equality.

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The Barbary powers, having heard that we had sold our Navy, are very naturally zealous, in excluding our vessels from the Mediterranean.

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The *circle* of our President's *felicities* is greatly enlarged by the indulgence of Sally, the sable, and the auspicious arrival of Tom Paine, the pious.

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Driscol, the reviler of Christianity, is said to be gone somewhere to the south, to publish an impartial paper, under the apposite title of the *American Patriot*.

In the present state of affairs, in this ill-fated country, there is a visible, and almost a total eclipse of talents and virtue. The discouragement of works of Genius, Principle, and Taste, is not only broadly manifest, to every sneering stranger, but, at length, begins to be discerned by some of the blindest moles of our own country. But nothing, which is rational, can expect to find encouragement here, while we are under the yoke, not merely of the present administration, but of the most foolish prejudices, the blindest infatuation, childish, exploded, scouted theories, and, above all, an abject, short sighted meanness, which sees no object but a Spanish dollar, or a Broker's shop.

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It seems our old acquaintance Tallyrand, that amiable *apostate*, that "dear, perfidious, and gay deceiver," is promoted to the dignity of a Layman, by the authority of the Pope, with the consent of his superior, Buonaparte, without which the Pope dares not do any thing.

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Late appearances *promise* that this country will soon be made an appendage to the province of Louisiana, of which the French are about to take possession. As their limits cut off a considerable portion of the United States, they may, perhaps, benignantly extend then to the Atlantic, in order to comprehend the whole.

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Callender, in order to raise his price, has retailed very slowly to the public, the stories of black Sall and Mrs. Walker, but the shrewd Scot is much mistaken, if he imagine that these things will affect the feelings, or disturb the rest of the proprietor of the charming mansion, who is too magnanimous, and too high in the public opinion to be affected with such trifles as these. For as they will neither break his leg, nor pick his pocket, it is certain from his own *declaration*—in his *Notes*, that he will care as little for them, as if Callender had asserted that there were twenty Gods, or no God.

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It is said, the *prominent* features and the *derriere* of a late suffering senator, are very slowly recovering from the rude attack of a cavalier; as even the democratic party are so ashamed of their patient, that they will not apply a particle of diachylon to assuage any of his wounds.

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It is expected that our republican journals will soon exhibit an account of the magnificient entry of Tom Paine into this city, accompanied by his sublime friend. The president will then have an opportunity of visiting his honourable relation, the mammoth skeleton, in company with his bosom friend, whose presence will give a zest to the entertainment. The honours that he will receive from our *citizens*, will be the more agreeable to Mr. J. when he shares them with the man whom he so highly esteems, and to whom he has already tendered the homage of his affectionate respect and consideration. All *citizens* will be so happy, that all labours will, for some days, be suspended, that the *mob* may partake in the general festivity. Mr. Duane will take care to inform us of the toasts that are drank on that glorious occasion, which will, no doubt, exhibit most illustrious specimens of the eloquence, patriotism, ingenuity, and humanity of citizens. These toasts, we may venture to affirm, will be worthy of being framed and glazed, and hung up like Ernulphus's curse, on the mantle piece of every parlour, to the imitation of all good republicans.

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It is said that no fewer than sixteen thousand Englishmen are at present in Paris, to visit the horse wardrobe of Buonaparte, and to admire the magnificence of his saddles and bridles. Every honest observer must be ashamed of the meanness of these Englishmen, who seem to be doing their utmost to impoverish their country, and to disgrace themselves. We do not hear that any of the more conspicuous plunderers of France, the *captain Rolandos*, of the *gang*, have deigned to visit England, or to spend in that country, any of the vast revenues of the republic. Low French agents, and incendiaries, on the contrary, seem to abound, and the late great fires at Liverpool, Manchester, &c. bear ample testimony to their diligence and success.

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The inhabitants of New-York have had the benefit of no less than five fires, since the French condescended to land a number of their negroes among them. We are profiting very fast by the friendship of France, yet all that we have suffered from them has not hitherto been sufficient to open our eyes. New Indian wars seem to be projecting by the French, on our western frontiers, by way of introduction to the DISMEMBERMENT OF OUR TERRITORY, by the limits they will set to the province of Louisiana.

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We have not yet heard of citizen Otto's embarkation for this country, or whether he has it in charge to subject America to any new requisitions.

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By every JACOBIN, every fool, and every rascal in the United States, it is hoped and expected, that all good citizen constituents will take care to instruct the members of congress, to vote for every tax that shall be proposed, for the support and encouragement of Thomas Paine; the full establishment of jacobinism; the *further* neglect of christianity; the discouragement of the fine, and the useful acts; the abolition of every generous and magnanimous sentiment; the most supine indifference to national honour and individual probity; and the utter extinction of genius, talents, and virtue.

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Our *religious* chief is supremely happy in the acquisition of Tom Paine. He is magnificently entertained at Washington, introduced to the mammoth cheese, Mr. Duane, Mr. Gallatin, and the rest of the royal family.

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Tom Paine having been so successful in erecting a republic in England, by his Rights of Man, and establishing liberty, equality, and the sovereignty of the people in France, by his Age of Reason, our republican orators will be exhausting their invention, in composing encomiums on his wisdom and astonishing success. He will be hailed as the hero of liberty, and the deliverer of nations; and his flatterers will tell him, that he has only to revolutionize this country, to complete his political character, and stamp him the Lycurgus of the age.

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### AN UNLAWFUL ASSEMBLY.

An unlawful assembly is where three, or more, do assemble themselves together, to do an unlawful act, as to pull down enclosures, &c. &c. A certain state assembly, in which a project is said to be now in agitation, to abolish courts of justice, to pluck up by the roots the judiciary of the state, and *to starve all Lawyers*, merits, in our estimation, the appellation of an *unlawful assembly*.

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Accounts from Lancaster, (Penn.) of a recent date, mention the *arbitration bill*, as in a fair way of being passed into a law. On this occasion, we cannot forbear to congratulate the gentlemen of *the profession*.

It is expected, that the legislature of this state, during the present session, will pass a law, prescribing a *common form* for wills and testamentary dispositions, which must necessarily dry up an overflowing source of litigation. A new, and quite *simple* system of conveyancing, on an improved plan, is also supposed to be in agitation, by which the formality of signing, sealing, and delivering, is to be dispensed with in all transfers of real estate, *by deed*. These ameliorations in jurisprudence are said to have originated with a sapient senator, we believe, from Dauphin.

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### MR. COBBETT EULOGISED BY THE DEMOCRATS.

The Editors of the "Political Barometer," speaking of the talents of Cobbett, observe, "His "style and his method are peculiarly his own; "and of him it may with propriety be said—

No second *Cobbett* shall the world behold,
For nature when she form'd him broke her mould."

Poor Peter! when he was here in the management of his paper, nothing according to those candid people, (I mean the democrats,) was so dull, so coarse, so dunce-like as the best things he could write. Now the constant cant is, this or that editor "has all the virulence of Cobbett, without his wit." Yes, he had wit; he had too a strength of conception, and a pertinency and force of expression, which few men, perhaps as a popular writer, no man, has equalled. To the democrats he was literally the *terror of evil doers*, and they abused him accordingly. Now when they have no more to fear, they acknowledge he was such a prodigy as to strain, nay crack and split into a thousand pieces the mold, in which he was cast. How will Peter laugh at this when he meets with it in the Herald? [*N. Y. Herald.*

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A *celebrated connoisseur* is now in London, collecting at a great expence for LUCIEN BONAPARTE all the valuable pictures he can procure: an amateur was offered 6000 guineas, the other day, for a landscape by CLAUDE.

[*Lon. pap.*

—

The establishment of the Concordat, and the consequent revival of the Roman Catholic Religion in France, is observed to have already produced the most salutary and the most striking effects. Among the latter may safely be ranked the late secularization of the ci-devant Bishop of Autun, who out of respect no doubt for the sanctity of his former character, has so long condemned the ardour of his affection for Madame Grant to evaporate in platonic sighs, conscious that any thing like a coarser connection would contaminate its purity. M. Talleyrand has therefore previously condescended to permit the holiness of the Prelate again to relapse into the frailty of an ordinary layman, and the course of the last week has witnessed the nuptial ceremony, and pronounced its benedictions on the solomnities that now unite him in downright wedlock, with the tried object of his long spiritual attachment. It is rather difficult, indeed, to determine which is most to be admired in the Preliminaries to this edifying transaction. Either the nice timorousness of Citizen Talleyrand's conscience, or the good natured readiness of his holiness to absolve him from his scruples.

[*London paper.*

—

It is said a small boy went into the navy-yard some time since to pick up a basket of chips, and that a certain Naval Captain, passing by at the moment, bravely wrested the basket from the boy, after thundering many curses in his ear. The boy, looking at him with something like indifference, said, keep it, Sir, keep it; it is *the only prize you ever took!*

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

Since Life's on the wing, and the swift moment flies;
To live while we live; is the part of the wise:
The present enjoyment, is all that is mine,
And bliss, in expectance, fate bids me resign;
Then let reason define, ere the hour passes by,
What it is to exist—what it is to enjoy.

Not impertinent Mirth, not the Bacchanal's song;
Not the dissonant clamour of Vanity's throng;
Not the frivolous topics that worldlings amuse;
Not the tale of detraction, the banquet, or news;
These Reason rejects, lest the hour should pass by,
When we ought to exist, when we ought to enjoy,

In the verdant retreats of fair Science to stray,
And to sip at the Muse's clear spring by the way;
To frequent the abodes that Philosophy loves,
This Wisdom delights in, this Reason approves:
Then still be it mine, as old Time passes by,
To live while I may, and such bliss to enjoy.

—

[*From Coleman's New-York Evening Post.*]

## A NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS

FROM THE

CARRIERS OF THE EVENING-POST,

TO THEIR PATRONS.

Full thirteen moons are gone and wasted,
Since last your benefits I tasted:
Yet ever since my patriot store
And *wordy-wares* about I've bore,
Daily presented at your gates
The motley work of many pates,
Of merchants, shippers, poetasters,
Of milleners, and vendue masters,
Insolvent debtors, social clubs,
Usurious money-hunting grubs,
Collectors, generals, judges, statesmen,
With barristers, and other pratesmen,
Authors of every sort and size,
Some born to sink, and some to rise,
Some cherish'd by Minerva's care,
Some nurs'd in foul Bœotian air,
From such a motley group of writers,
Where nine in ten play "Bite the Biters,"
Sure a strange medley needs must run,
An* *Olla Podrida* of fun.

As up the hill of life we hack,
'Tis sometimes useful to look back,
It gives us breathing time, and leisure
The future by the past to measure.
See then my friends before, behind you,
Where you then were, where now we find you!
The difference you may well remember,
'Twixt January and December—
The first, the month of promise-making,
The last, the month of promise-breaking;
The first, hope beam'd in every eye,
The latter gives that hope the lie.

He who designs your house to break,
Will first his plan with caution take,
Bribe some base servant to betray,
Who'll put your weapons all astray,
Unload your pistols if he can,
Or wet the priming in the pan:
So a great man I need not name,
Who daily fills the mouth of fame,
With promises of place and pension,
And other things I will not mention,
Cajoles and gains a certain set
To spike the cannon of the state,
To lop one arm from off the law
Which kept licentiousness in awe,
That *third controul*, whose well-pois'd might,
Oer'aw'd the robbers of our right,
That centinel, which never slept,
The law-*judiciary* yclept.
But now some demagogue I hear,
Cry hush! your slanderous tongue forbear.
Peace, peace, you chattering jack-a-daw,
What use in judges? what in law?
—Yes, burn the laws! so cry'd Jack Cade,
'Twill please each democratic blade;
And let the decalogue expire,
While brawny Cheetham blows the fire;
That law which says thou shalt not dare
"False witness 'gainst thy neighbour bear."
This puff'd away no more will rise,
To stay the volley of his lies:
Thy sacred law, oh truth divine!
Has never stopt of his, one line:
When bent to blast the fairest fame,
His canker pen directs its aim,
'Tis his delight the world to show
That he but laughs at other's woe.
When he, fell sland'rer, takes the field,
Oh Innocence! then weak thy shield—
And Virtue thy white robe but shows
A mark for his insulting blows:
When e'er his *Upas* arrow flies,
The fairest reputation dies,
And Cheetham, like the Parthian foe,
Retreating, gives the deadly blow.

But lo! a message now appears,
What gratulations fill our ears?
News!—what's the news?—You all are blest,
Your shores are fill'd with Halcyon nests!
And foreign realms, with friendly vows,
Quite shade you with their olive boughs!
While pure religion in the train
Of philosophic Thomas Paine,
Mounts on the *Prezzidoliad** stairs,
And *pious* Jefferson declares
The cause of all the good to be,
*All wisdom and philanthropy!*

Yes, he's indeed the man divine
That makes our land with glory shine!
Makes it to all so great appear
That many a nation quakes with fear:
And will not let our vessels enter
Where formerly they us'd to venture,
Lest we should get the upper hand
And drive them from their native land.

The sons of Tripoli refuse
To let our ships their ocean use,
And Jefferson, that they may see
Of how small consequence they be,
Calls our stout battle-ships away,
In soft Potowmac mud to lay,
Where Phœbus with his summer beams
Darts fiercely through their yawning seams,
And scampering rats in wild array
Among the mouldering cordage play.
Though soon we're told on "sheltered beds"
They'll rest secure their weary heads.
And then with philosophic skill,
The nation's coffers well to fill,
To these he adds full twenty more,
Whose deck's Columbia's cannon bore;
From which he drove the pupil band,
Who just began with steady hand
To level well the battering train
While pitching on the tossing main.
See in their place the auctioneer
With hammer in his hand appear—
"Agoing!—gone!"—(a *trifle* lost)
For just one quarter of prime cost!
But finding now, the pirate host
Have got a very shallow coast,
He calls on Congress to prepare
A few more *little* men of war,
Those to replace put up to sale;
Oh glorious economic scale!

Thro' Gallatin's great fiscal lore,
We're told our treasury runs o'er.
But master Jefferson speak plain,
And tell the source of all *this* gain;
Who cut the channels for that tide,
On which you now in triumph ride?
Who made that silver current flow,
Where Gallatin now steers his prow?
Say, was it not the federal band,
Who first those fiscal measures plann'd,
That drew from luxury the treasure,
Of which you boast with so much pleasure?
The *tax direct* which you denounce,
By northern states paid every ounce,
When lords of proud Virginia's clime,
Refus'd to pay a single disme,
Stands a rich item to our credit,
While democrats assume the merit.

Go on great chief, pursue your schemes,
Prove true your philosophic dreams;
Abolish taxes, excise laws,
While *labour's mouth* opes wide its jaws,
And gapes for meat, like callow crows,
As down the wriggling victim goes.
Long keep untax'd our chariot wheels,
Let Demos dance their whiskey reels,
Teach us to bear and not complain,
Of Gallic scorn, or wrongs from Spain;
Let not resentment fire thy blood,
Preserve thy philanthropic mood,
For war's alarms thy heart will thrill;
And drive thee to thy domicil,
On cloud-capt Monticello's height,
For well we know thou wilt not fight.

Since Gallia still with scornful eye,
Rejects your suit and amorous sigh,
And jilting Spain won't let you snatch
Her hand;—as though 'twere not a match;
To Britain turn with courtly bow,
And breathe to her the lover's vow—
Perhaps your former slights forgetting,
And not displeas'd with your coquetting,
She'll give her hand without disguise,
And cherish "mutual amities."

But, rambling Muse, thy course give o'er,
And quit of politics the score:
This day devoted is to mirth,
And now, around the social hearth
Friendship unlocks her genial springs,
And Harmony her lyre new-strings,
While plenty spreads her copious hoard,
And piles and crowns the festive board.

Ah! 'mid these joys remember ONE,
Who every day around must run,
To drop the paper at your door
Thro' winter's snow, and summer's shower!
A small reward his heart will cheer
And give him strength another year,
To travel with the Evening Post,
So that no moment may be lost;
To greet you with the daily sheet,
With news from every clime replete.

Kind friends! may health with roses gay,
Still march companion of your way;
May wealth your coffers well supply,
May pleasure banish every sigh;
May love and bliss your dwellings share;
And peace domestic nestle there!

*New-York, January* 1, 1803.

* A Spanish dish, composed of a great variety of meats.

* The name given to Mr. Jefferson's house, by a flatterer at Washington.

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